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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

MY caſe is a little ſingular, and therefore I hope you will let it appear in your paper. I ſhould ſcarcely have attempted to make ſuch a requeſt, had not I very ſtrictly looked over all the works of your predeceſſors, the Tatlers, Spectators and Guardians, without a poſſibility of finding a parallel to my unhappy ſituation.

I AM not *henpecked*; I am not *grimalkined*; I have no Mrs. *Freeman* with her *Italian airs*; but I have a wife more troubleſome than all three, by a certain

tain ridiculous and unneceſſary devotion that ſhe pays to her father, amounting almoſt to idolatry. When I firſt married her, from that ſpecious kind of weakneſs which meets with encouragement and applauſe, only becauſe it is called good-nature, I permitted her to do whatever ſhe pleaſed: but when I thought it requiſite to pull in the rein, I found that her having the bit in her teeth, rendered the ſtrength of my curb of no manner of uſe to me. Whenever I attempted to draw her in a little, ſhe toſſed up her head, ſnorted, pranced, and gave herſelf ſuch airs, that unleſs I let her carry me where ſhe pleaſed, my limbs, if not my life, were in danger. The love of power is inherent in the diſpoſition of womankind: and I do not pretend that her vapours, hyſterics, low-ſpirits, or whatever elſe the learned are pleaſed to call them, are not equalled by thouſands of married women in theſe melancholy kingdoms: but the FATHER, the FATHER is the point which diſtinguiſhes me from the reſt of my brethren.

THIS old fellow is of a moſt capricious, unequal temper, and, like the ſatyr in the fable, blows hot and cold in the ſame breath. Sometimes he is very fond of me and my friends, and at other times he will not ſuffer us to look at him. In whatever mood the old gentleman thinks fit to appear, in the ſame mood madam his daughter diſpenſes her pouts and frowns, or her ſmiles and good-humour. Whatever ſhape old PROTEUS puts on, CABERA, his daughter, puts on the ſame. I call him PROTEUS, becauſe though I have known him many years, I have never known him a week together in the ſame form. He is vapouriſh; ſo is his daughter: he is a quack, ſo is his daughter: one day he is an œconomiſt, even to the greateſt degree of avarice;

avarice; the daughter alſo has her days of frugality and improper thrift. Sometimes he is profuſe, and a violent ſquanderer: after thoſe fits my purſe is ſure to ſuffer moſt cruelly. Sometimes he is proud, ſometimes he is humble; his daughter follows him cloſely in each of the two extremes. In ſhort, ſir, both father and daughter practice more changes than Harlequin in the Emperor of the Moon. Judge then what a figure a huſband muſt make, who is indiſpenſably obliged to conform with all theſe metamorphoſes.

LAST ſummer, though a cold one, PROTEUS took it into his head to dine in his cellar: and as ſoon as we arrived at my country-houſe, our cellar alſo was immediately announced to be our eating parlour. My neighbours tried the experiment once, in hopes perhaps of being made ſuddled, contrary to my uſual cuſtom; but that not being the caſe, they never offered to return again; no, not even the curate of the pariſh, who declared he would drink Bumpers in my cellar as long as I pleaſed, but he could not eat there and ſip Thimblefulls, though he were ſure to dine every day on a paſty, or a haunch of veniſon. So that my wife and I, for three months together, dined like king Pharaoh, amidſt frogs and darkneſs: nor had we any other companions than the reptiles that crawled out of the walls, as imagining their territories invaded. But my wife endured every inconvenience with amazing patience, becauſe ſhe had heard her father ſay, that this was the beſt method to drink iced liquours, without being at the expence of an ice-houſe.

LAST winter, I was ſtill put to greater hardſhips. PROTEUS, who ſome time ago travelled abroad, neither for health nor improvement, but merely in ſearch of

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that philoſopher's ſtone called TASTE, declared that in Italy no nobleman's houſe had a chimney in any room except the kitchen; and he added, that as it was an example which he reſolved to follow, he hoped it might be ſo reliſhable to his friends, that they would cut off that exceſſive dear article of firing, and expend their coal-money in buildings, ſtatues, or lakes. The word was no ſooner given, than my wife bricked up every chimney, except the kitchen chimney in my houſe; and in January (though we were permitted to have little earthen ſtoves in our chambers) the cold was ſo intenſe, that my little boy Tommy died of the hooping cough, and I myſelf caught an ague, which laſted four months, and brought upon me an apothecary's bill, amounting to ninety pounds for drugs, which were indeed much fuller of TASTE than I deſired.

THE furniture of my houſe, and the ſhape of my gardens have been changed at leaſt ten times over: yet if you were to judge, Mr. Fitz-Adam, from the conſtant converſation of my wife and her father, you would pronounce them the beſt œconomiſts in Europe: and ſo they are, in ſmall beer, oil, and vinegar.

THOUGH I always avoid exceſs of drinking, when at home (my father-in-law, ſince my marriage, having been remarkably ſober) yet it is my misfortune, and I confeſs it is a fault, to go now and then to the tavern, and there to exceed the ſtrict limits of ſobriety. It is impoſſible, among jovial companions, not to indulge a vein of gaiety; the effect of which is, that at night I am apt to ſtagger towards the nuptial bed a little too heavily loaded with liquour. The night is ſnored away in oblivion; but Oh! when the morning approaches, and I awaken and open my eyes, what a face of anger do I behold!

behold! and what dreadful peals of conjugal thunder do I hear! Thoſe peals commonly end with a louder clap than ordinary, in words to this purpoſe. "Ah! Mr. "Tamedeer, Mr. Tamedeer, is this the reward for all "my love and kindneſs? Have I quitted my dear fa- "ther for the embraces of a ſot? When was that good "old man ever ſeen diſguiſed in liquor?" To this I might reply, if I dared to make an anſwer, that indeed he is ſo often diſguiſed out of liquor, he ought never to be diſguiſed in it: and I might alſo add, that he is moſt injuriouſly ſlandered, if ſome five-and-twenty years ſince, he did not drink, ſmoke, and go through the et cætera as well as the beſt of us.

If I offend or rebel in any one point, and indeed I offend and rebel in very few, my wife immediately applies to my father-in-law, and I am ordered to alter my conduct, and to ſubmit properly to judgments far ſuperior to my own. Thus is my caſe (my wife's virtue always excepted) far more deplorable than Barnaby Brittle's in the play; nor have I the comfort appendant to ſir John Enville, Knt. in being married to a woman of quality. That circumſtance at leaſt might have proved an ingredient to ſatisfy my pride.

This uneaſy ſituation, which I have deſcribed with exact truth, has occaſioned me to ruminate continually upon ſome method of relief. None occurs to me, except a formal divorce. You will aſk what cauſe can be alledged? ſince there is not the leaſt ſhadow of proof either for adultery, ill-uſage, or any other matrimonial miſdemeanor. True. But cannot I prove a prior marriage? Was not ſhe married to her father, to all outward appearance, long before ſhe went with me to the altar? Does not that marriage evidently continue, without